LAMENTATIONS
of the
FLAME PRINCESS
ADVENTURES
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
KELVIN GREEN

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ADVENTURES

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

A SHORT ADVENTURE WITH LOTS OF TENTACLES.
BY KELVIN GREEN

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INTRODUCTION

More Than Meets the Eye is a non-copyright-infringing adventure in which players will find themselves stuck between two feuding factions of shape-changing aliens. A low level party can succeed -- or survive, at least -- through negotiation and stealth, but fighting is probably not the optimum strategy. There's a bit of treasure available and it's possible that the players will end up with a spaceship!

(Referees: I'm sorry.)

Right, so, some time during the last ice age, a group of shape-changing alien thieves stole an important cultural artefact — the Primal Matrix™ — jumped in the nearest spaceship, and legged it out into space. Having no real idea how to fly a spaceship they crashed it into an icy ball of mud, wrecking the ship, and knocking themselves into a sort of coma. A coma that lasted over fifteen thousand years, until human miners uncovered the spaceship, which then sent a distress signal out into the cosmos.

The crew was taken to Hastings Manor, where the Hastings brothers, Ernest and Henry, attempted to activate the Primal Matrix™; this turned the brothers into balls of goo and woke the crew.

A couple of days later another spaceship landed nearby and another group of aliens attempted to recover the artefact. This endeavour failed, and led to a stalemate between the two alien factions and the deaths of almost every human being in the nearby village of St Michael's Bay.

WHAT THE ALIENS WANT

There are two factions of aliens, let's call them group A and group D for… convenience.

Group A is the alien space police; they are there to get the Primal Matrix™ back and take group D into custody. Or kill them. It doesn't make much difference as they'll be executed back home anyway. They can't get close to the Primal Matrix™ without succumbing to its *Charm* effect so require help to retrieve it. They tried to get the villagers to help, with unsatisfactory results. The aliens will try to be more diplomatic and tactful in asking the characters to assist, but are also happy to resort to threats and coercion. If they get the Primal Matrix™ the aliens won't show any gratitude and will just bugger off with it, fighting their way out if necessary.

Group D is the thieves. They are also political dissidents and the theft of the Primal Matrix™ was an act of revolution intended to undermine the power of their species' ruling class. They are confused, scared, and just want to be left alone, but are too fearful to take on group A without help. If left alone they will continue to breed and feed and that may become a problem, as they care not for the fleshy ape-things that inhabit Earth.

Under no circumstances will the two factions ally; the loss of the Primal Matrix™ is more or less a death sentence for group D.

It's basically *Yojimbo* with aliens, so to prepare, watch *Yojimbo*. Or *A Fistful of Dollars*. Or *Django*. Or watch them all, because they are all great.

The adventure begins on a Saturday in 1625.

WHY VISIT THE VILLAGE?

You know your campaign and how best to slot *More Than Meets the Eye* into it, but here are some suggestions on how to get characters involved:

The characters could stumble upon the village on their way to somewhere else, but this is boring and I'm only including it out of completeness.

Perhaps there is local gossip about the arrival of the second spaceship; someone saw a light falling from the sky somewhere near St Michael's Bay.

It's possible that someone from the village got out between the discovery of the crashed spaceship and the arrival of the second. They could tell the characters about the crash, or even about the big shiny gem found within the ship's remains. They could also tell the characters about the shape-changing aliens, but that seems a bit of a spoiler.

Perhaps someone escaped the massacre and wants help in reclaiming their home, or getting revenge. Most of the villagers are poor but they may have scraped together some money from the Hastings mansion, if the characters aren't altruistic types.

The Hastings brothers, while not true aristocrats, are somewhat important and have many contacts, business partners, and so on. Any of these people would be concerned about not hearing from the brothers.

THE PRIMAL MATRIX™

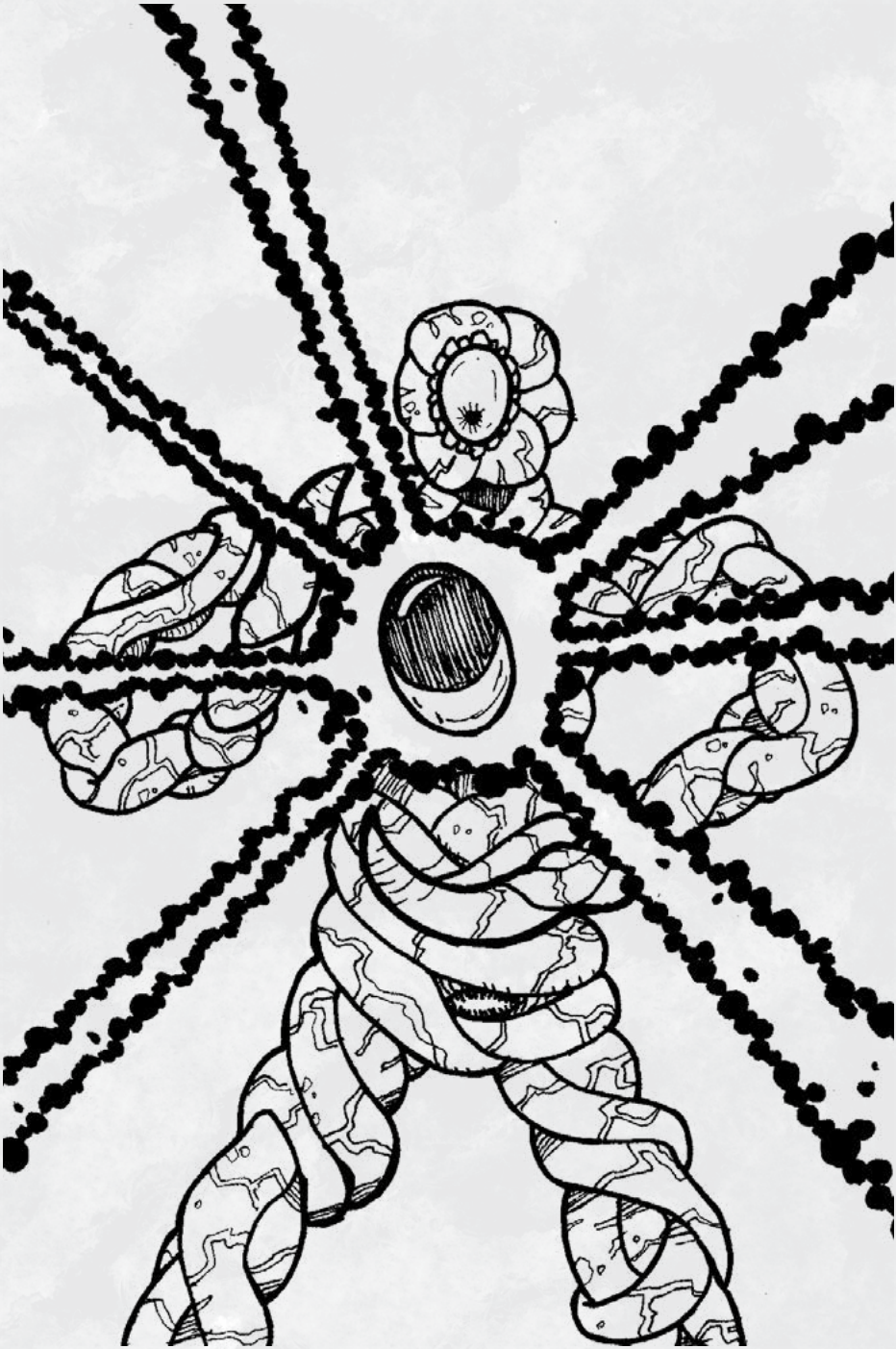
The alien artefact looks like a big, shimmering blue-green gem the size of a grapefruit, is cold to the touch, and is worth about 10000sp. It's also a magic item of almost religious importance to the aliens; it allows some members of the species to control others, and it also plays a part in the aliens' icky reproductive cycle.

An alien holding the Primal Matrix™ can exert mental control over every other alien within a thousand feet. This control works like *Charm Monster* except there are no saving throws and no Hit Dice limits. The Primal Matrix™ is also used to cause an alien's biomatter to fertilise and mature. All in all, it's worth a lot more than 10000sp to the aliens.

A non-alien holding the Primal Matrix™ will have a strong feeling that if they stretch their thoughts in just the right way they can activate the item. As the Primal Matrix™ was never intended for use by lesser species this is a bit risky. A character attempting to use the Primal Matrix™ must make a saving throw versus Magical Device. If this fails then roll on the following table:

I TRIED TO USE THE ALIEN DOOHICKEY AND ALL I GOT WAS (1D100):

01-10	The character's mind is wiped, leaving them alive, but in a catatonic stupor.
11-20	The character's personality inverts. If they were kind before, they are now cruel, if they were cheerful, they are now morose, and so on.
21-30	The character is turned into protoplasmic goo as their body forgets what shape it should be. There is a 1 in 20 chance that the resulting gloop still has the parts with which to communicate its agony.
31-40	The character devolves into an ape-like protohuman; increase Strength by 4, reduce Charisma and Intelligence by 2 each, and add 1 to her Climb skill.
41-50	The character evolves into a weird post-human; increase all ability scores by 6 except Charisma, which is halved because of how eerie and strange the character now is.
51-58	The character evolves into an upper-dimensional being and disappears from this level of reality, like Wesley Crusher.
59-63	The character becomes biologically female. If the character was already female, roll again.
64-68	The character becomes biologically intersex. If the character was already intersex, roll again.
69-73	The character becomes biologically male. If the character was already male, roll again.
74	The character becomes ethnically Austronesian. If this was already the case, roll again.
75	The character becomes ethnically Central African. If this was already the case, roll again.
76	The character becomes ethnically Central Asian. If this was already the case, roll again.
77	The character becomes ethnically East Asian. If this was already the case, roll again.
78	The character becomes ethnically indigenous Australasian. If this was already the case, roll again.
79	The character becomes ethnically indigenous Caribbean. If this was already the case, roll again.
80	The character becomes ethnically indigenous Central American. If this was already the case, roll again.
81	The character becomes ethnically indigenous North American. If this was already the case, roll again.
82	The character becomes ethnically indigenous South American. If this was already the case, roll again.
83	The character becomes ethnically Middle Eastern. If this was already the case, roll again.
84	The character becomes ethnically Northern African. If this was already the case, roll again.
85	The character becomes ethnically Northern European. If this was already the case, roll again.
86	The character becomes ethnically South Asian. If this was already the case, roll again.
87	The character becomes ethnically Southeast Asian. If this was already the case, roll again.
88	The character becomes ethnically Southern African. If this was already the case, roll again.
89	The character becomes ethnically Southern European. If this was already the case, roll again.
90-00	The character changes to a random class, of a Level appropriate to their current Experience Points; there is no outward effect, unless the Referee is using Demi-Human classes, in which case the change is probably obvious.



THE ALIENS

In their natural form the aliens are greyish-pink bundles of meaty pseudopods that smell a bit like that nasty juice you get at the bottom of bins. They are not often in their natural form as they have the ability to absorb and meld with objects, and use the object as a disguise, sort of like a big hermit crab, if the hermit crab took its shell apart and rebuilt it, then sat in a corner pretending to be its shell, before jumping out and eating people.

The aliens are of average intelligence and have a somewhat dysfunctional civilisation based on strict order; individuals have defined roles in society, are not permitted to choose their alternate forms, or change them once selected. Everything is decided by a ruling council that enforces order through use of the Primal Matrix™. As a result, those loyal to the government — including those of group A — tend to be a bit dull and severe.

They reproduce by using a sort of penis to fill an object with DNA-rich goop, then the Primal Matrix™ is used to activate the goop; as the goop matures and forms into flesh it binds and melds into the surrounding container, taking it on as a kind of shell. Maturation takes about six months after which a more permanent outer skin is allocated by the council.

The aliens can speak, if they decide to form mouth parts, although their attempts at human languages sound a bit like someone speaking Welsh with a mouthful of tortilla chips, or as if someone was speaking into an electric fan. They have unpronounceable names, so we will give them quirky codenames to help keep things straight.

The alien brain is a fist-sized sky-blue gem contained within a fleshy sac; the gem is worth about 500sp, after cleaning.

The aliens are carnivorous and have a weakness for alcohol, which does not exist on their home planet.

Should it become relevant, the alien homeworld is in the Lambda Scorpii system.

One would hope it doesn't become relevant, but alien flesh has the texture of boiled chicken and the taste of batteries.

Individual aliens are described elsewhere, but here are statistics for an average specimen:

SHAPE-CHANGING ALIEN OF LAMBDA SCORPII

Armour 14, **Move** 80', **7 Hit Dice**, **30hp**, **Pseudopod** 1d8*, **Morale** 9

*On a natural attack roll of 19, the alien instead strikes with a penis-like organ; the target must save versus Poison or be incapacitated for 1d6 Rounds.
Disguised aliens surprise opponents on a roll of 1-4.

A
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WELCOME TO ST MICHAEL'S BAY

St Michael's Bay is a small mining village on the south coast of Cornwall, about seventy-five miles southwest of Innsmouth -- see *Fish Fuckers* -- and thirty-five miles west of Plymouth -- see Wikipedia -- and is not much known for anything. Scouring local taverns may turn up stories about a meteor falling to earth in the distant past, corrupted and obfuscated through millennia of retelling, but otherwise the village is considered boring.

From a distance, murders of crows can be seen circling the village; I've always wanted to use "murders" in that context, so thank you, *Lamentations of the Flame Princess*. Many of the buildings are damaged, showing clear signs of fighting, and a couple of houses have burned to the ground. Corpses are scattered around the village and within buildings, in various states of dismemberment. Most of the villages are dead and those that are not are being held by the aliens occupying the monastery (page 12).

HOW DID THIS PARTICULAR VILLAGER DIE? (1D6)

1	This one was torn to bits and scattered all over the place.
2	This one was thrown into a wall, which broke their neck.
3	This one has a small puncture wound in their abdomen and their innards are filled with a foetid grey gunk.
4	This one has a missing head; ragged tooth marks surround the stump that used to be their neck.
5	All that remains of this one is a half-chewed foot, drenched in sticky slime.
6	This one has a purple face, bulging eyes, and massive bruises around their neck.

A: Mine workings can be seen in the hills just northwest of the village. The tin mines are almost exhausted; one deep tunnel gives way to petrified alien flesh and huge, strange organs. These are the remains of the original alien spaceship; everything useful has been retrieved and cannibalised by group D.

B: The Dog and Bastard has been wrecked, with one whole wall destroyed. Aside from a couple of beer barrels smashed in combat with the aliens, all of the alcohol is missing; the aliens love booze and have stolen everything.

C: A cupboard lies next to the house in a sticky pool of blue liquid. It is broken and shows marks from axe strikes. Inside is a fleshy mass of muscle and unfamiliar organs, picked at by crows and rotting away; it's not contained within the cupboard, but seems melded with the wood. This is the corpse of one of the aliens, killed in battle with the villagers, and overlooked by its brethren.

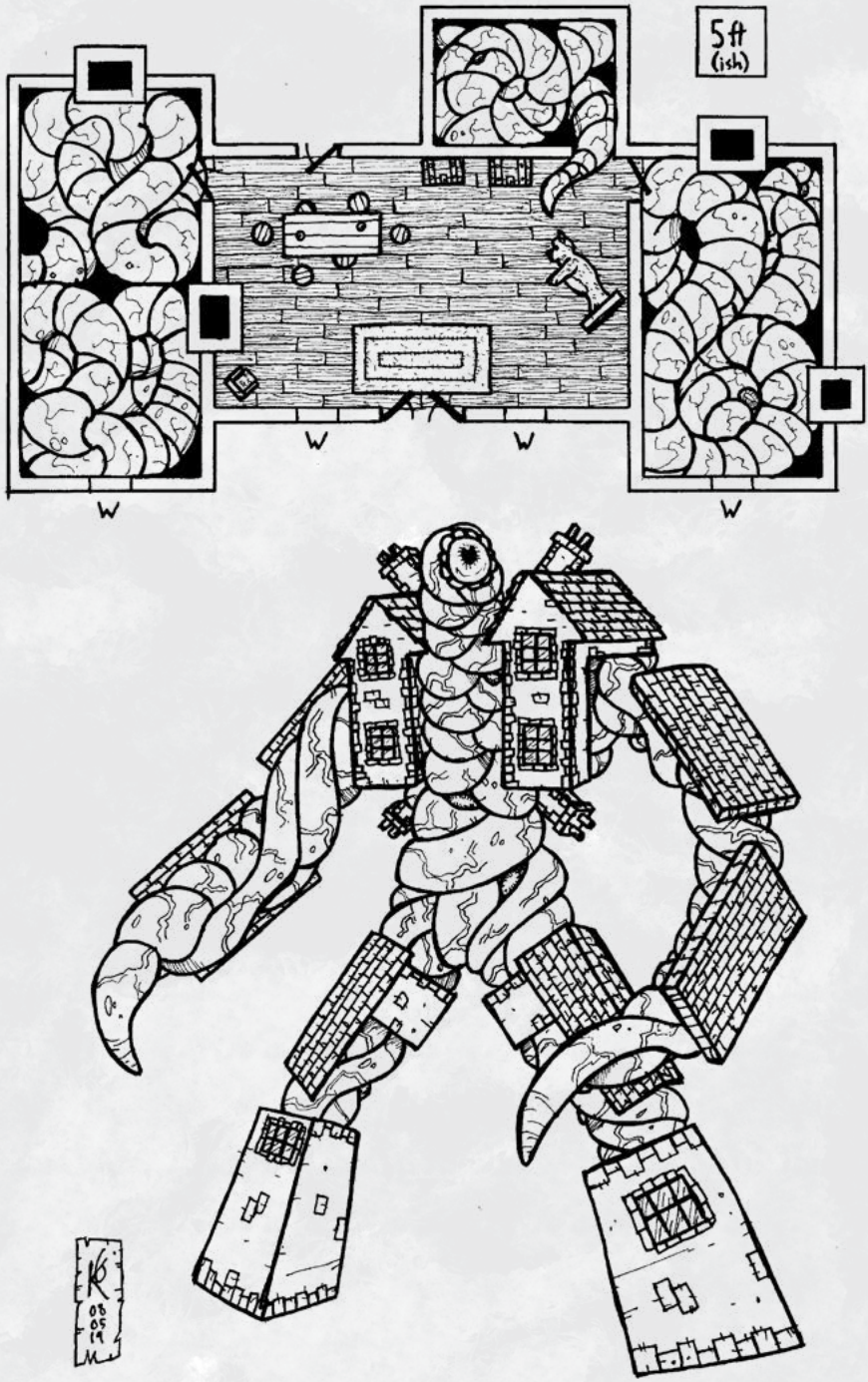
D: Hastings Manor (page 11) looks undamaged. That's weird.

E: Campfires can be seen at the monastery at night.

Whenever the characters enter the village, roll 1d6; on a 6, characters will encounter one of the two Hastings brothers, now turned into protoplasmic goo by their attempts to activate the Primal Matrix™ and roaming the village hoping to be put out of their misery:

ERNEST AND HENRY HASTINGS, HUMAN NO LONGER

Armour 12, **Move** 60', **1 Hit Dice**, **4hp**, **plaintive cry of agony** (no damage), **Morale** 6


5ft
(ish)
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HASTINGS MANOR

The weird thing about the Hastings brothers' house is that unlike the rest of the village, it doesn't appear to be damaged at all.

Well, no, the weirdest thing is that the manor is an alien in disguise. A bit of the downstairs still has the appearance of a normal house, but the rest of the rooms are full of the swelling biomass of the alien flesh. The cellars have not been absorbed into the alien, but all the beer and wine once stored down there has been drunk by the creatures.

BRICK, GENTLE GIANT (DISGUISED AS HASTINGS MANOR)

Armour 14, **Move** 80', **20 Hit Dice**, **100hp**, **Big Bricky Pseudopod** 1d10* or **internal crush****, **Morale** 12

*On a natural attack roll of 19, the alien instead sticks its penis-like organ into the target; the unfortunate victim must save versus Poison or burst as they are over-filled with "reproductive juices".
**The alien can crush anyone inside its disguised form; creatures caught inside must save versus Breath Weapon or take 2d10 damage. This alien surprises anyone inside it on a roll of 1-4, but is too big and clumsy to surprise anyone outside.

Brick is jovial and a bit naïve and likes to play with small things. Most things are small to a creature the size of a house.

Also weird is that there are two suits of old plate armour standing in the grounds of the manor house; they are clean and untarnished, suggesting that they were not always kept outside. These are, of course, aliens, set to keep watch for approaching danger.

BOOM AND FURY, LIKE WALKING TINS OF SPAM (DISGUISED AS SUITS OF ARMOUR)

Armour 18, **Move** 80', **7 Hit Dice**, **30hp**, **Pseudopod** 1d8*, **Morale** 9

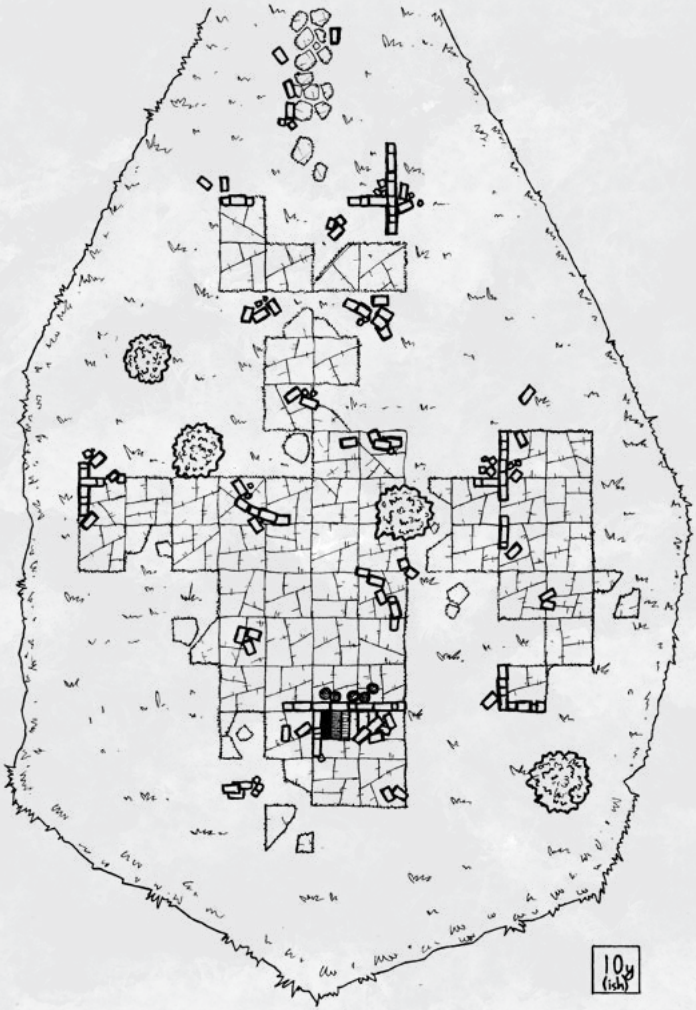
*On a natural attack roll of 19, the alien instead strikes with an penis-like organ; the target must save versus Poison or be incapacitated for 1d6 Rounds.
Boom and Fury surprise opponents on a roll of 1-4; a favoured tactic is for one -- usually Fury -- to reveal itself and attack, then for the other to attack while the opponents are occupied. Boom and Fury are almost identical and even the rest of the group has difficulty telling them apart; both are boisterous and energetic, but while Fury has a short and explosive temper, Boom finds the fun in every situation.

The group D aliens are using the manor as a base. The Primal Matrix™ is kept within the manor, in the possession of Madrigal, the leader of the group. None of the aliens in group D are under the control of the Primal Matrix™; all fight alongside Madrigal out of choice.

MADRIGAL, BOSS OF GROUP D (DISGUISED AS A HARPSICHORD)

Armour 14, **Move** 80', **8 Hit Dice**, **40hp**, **Pseudopod** 1d8*, **Morale** 10

*On a natural attack roll of 19, the alien instead strikes with a penis-like organ; the target must save versus Poison or be incapacitated for 1d6 Rounds.
Madrigal surprises opponents on a roll of 1-4. While Madrigal is conscious and able to communicate, none of its allies ever test Morale. Madrigal loves music and takes a musical form whenever it can; its current form is that of a fancy harpsichord. It is passionate and strong-willed, to the point of obstinacy.



THE ALIEN PRIORY

The old monastery was ruined during Henry VIII's adventure in creative auditing during the 1530s and has been abandoned since. The group A aliens have occupied the ruins and are keeping a handful of villagers for food. The villagers are being kept in one of the monastery's surviving cellars and the steps have been blocked with stone dragged from elsewhere in the ruins; a combined Strength of 20 or more is required to move the blocks enough to allow the prisoners to escape. The cellar is damp and dark, and the villagers are beginning to succumb to exposure and starvation; eight villagers are alive at the start of the adventure, and there is a 1 in 4 chance per day that one dies or is eaten. Among the prisoners is a travelling Fighter, Geoff, who got caught up in the recent developments; he would very much like to leave the village and never return, but he could

be convinced to assist the player-characters. He knows that group A is not to be trusted, despite how the aliens present themselves.

GEOFF, PRISONER OF THE ALIENS

Armour 12, **Move** 120', **1st Level Fighter**, **4hp**, no weapons, **Morale** 9

Geoff is an average bloke with a strong sense of right and wrong.

A large barrel sits near the steps down to the cellar. This is a guard left by the aliens:

MYRIAD, WOULD LIKE TO SEE SOME ID (DISGUISED AS A LARGE BEER BARREL)

Armour 14, **Move** 80', **8 Hit Dice**, **36hp**, **Pseudopod** 1d6* (x4), **Morale** 12

*On a natural attack roll of 19, the alien instead strikes with a penis-like organ; the target must save versus Poison or be incapacitated for 1d6 Rounds.
Myriad surprises opponents on a roll of 1-4.
Myriad is a master of alien martial arts and can make up to four attacks in a round.
Myriad loves being an Alien Space Cop; distinct roles and strict rules bring it joy, but even the other aliens find it a bit boring as a result, which is why it's always left on guard duty. It doesn't mind.

The aliens' spaceship (page 14) is chilling out underwater nearby. The other aliens are more often than not at the monastery, plotting their next move, which mainly consists of the leader, Zenith, kicking the others around in frustration.

ZENITH, POSTER-ALIEN OF AN OPPRESSIVE REGIME (DISGUISED AS A COACH, MINUS THE HORSES)

Armour 16, **Move** 80', **10 Hit Dice**, **50hp**, **Pseudopod** 1d8* (x2), **Morale** 10

*On a natural attack roll of 19, the alien instead strikes with a penis-like organ; the target must save versus Poison or be incapacitated for 1d6 Rounds.
Zenith surprises opponents on a roll of 1-4.
Zenith is lucky; once per Round it can reroll any single die, whether it was rolled by Zenith or any other character.
Zenith is proud and practical; to its mind, order is the only sane response to a chaotic universe, and maintaining it is a noble occupation. It feels sadness towards the renegade aliens, as it considers them to be confused rather than evil.

CAXTON, CHIEF ADVISER, DIPLOMAT, AND WEASEL (DISGUISED AS A PRINTING PRESS)

Armour 14, **Move** 80', **7 Hit Dice**, **31hp**, **Pseudopod** 1d8*, Morale 6

*On a natural attack roll of 19, the alien instead strikes with a penis-like organ; the target must save versus Poison or be incapacitated for 1d6 Rounds.
Caxton surprises opponents on a roll of 1-5.
Caxton is clever – it has an effective Intelligence of 16 – and loves to learn. It's the most chatty and friendly of the aliens of group A, but it always has an ulterior motive.

BOX, LOYAL SOLDIER (DISGUISED AS A LARGE CHEST)

Armour 14, **Move** 80', **10 Hit Dice**, **45hp**, **Pseudopod** 1d8*, **Morale** 9

*Box has no reproductive organs, so lacks the bonus attack.
Box surprises opponents on a roll of 1-3.
You know those dogs that seem to have nothing at all going on upstairs but follow their owners around all the time and would defend them to the death? That's how Box is with Zenith.

THE SADDEST SPACESHIP

The spaceship is both a vehicle and a living being; it is a subspecies of the shape-changing aliens, with a bunch of special organs – one in 10,000 aliens have these organs – that allow it to fold space and travel vast, huge, mind-boggling interplanetary distances in an instant; if that's a bit too hand-wavy and un-hard-sci-fi for you, go and play *Traveller*, you accountant.

The spaceship-aliens can change their shapes just like the others, but this one has not.

This particular living spaceship just happens to be the brother – they aren't brothers as such, but it's the closest human equivalent to their biological relationship – of the one that crashed (page 9) and it misses its sibling terribly.

HAPSBY, DEPRESSED LIVING SPACESHIP

Armour 14, **Move** 30' (wriggling) 240' (flight), **17 Hit Dice**, **80hp**, Roll 1d10*, **Morale** 9

*Living spaceships have no direct attacks as such but sort of roll over their opponents. They do have the penis-like organ of their shape-changing brethren and it works in a similar way; on a natural attack roll of 19 the target is pierced by the organ and must save versus Poison or burst from the volume of alien DNA being forced into their body. Hapsby is sad – obviously – but also gentle and easily led. It has no loyalty to the rest of the aliens in group A.

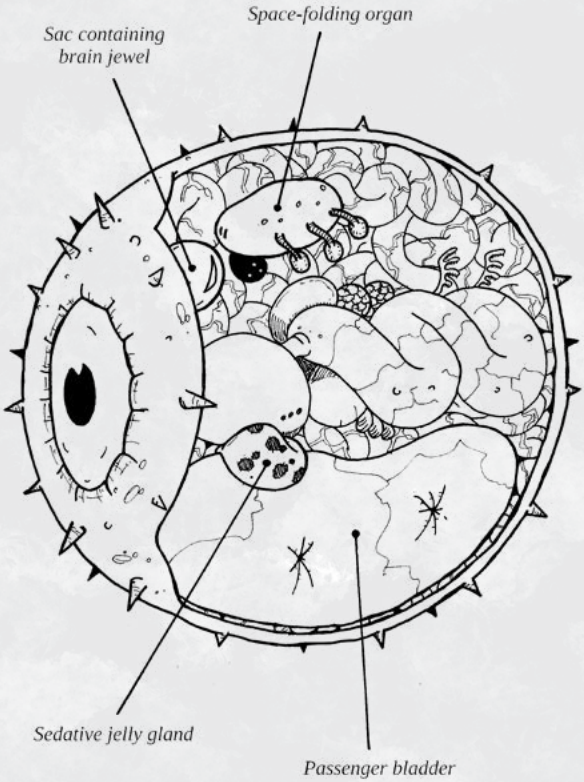
SPACE TRAVEL AND YOU, A GUIDE

Passengers are carried in a sort of bladder filled with a shock-absorbing jelly; this substance also allows two-way psychic communication with the spaceship-alien and has a sedative effect, which helps with long trips. The jelly can be collected and doctors, scholars, and wizards will pay a good price – around 150sp – for a bottle.

Folding space is difficult; after an attempted jaunt – even if the ship goes nowhere – a ship must rest for 1d8 days before it can travel again. Folding space is also unpredictable; each time a ship attempts to fold space, roll 1d100:

HOW WAS YOUR SPACE TRIP? (1D100)

01-71	The trip is as comfortable and pleasant as it can be considering it is within the slimy guts of a big alien.
72-76	The ship arrives at the wrong destination; I suggest a random hex on Carcosa.
77-81	Although the travel feels instantaneous, the ship arrives a day later than expected.
82-86	Although the travel feels instantaneous, the ship arrives three days later than expected.
87-91	Although the travel feels instantaneous, the ship arrives a week later than expected.
92	Although the travel feels instantaneous, the ship arrives a month later than expected.
93	Although the travel feels instantaneous, the ship arrives a year later than expected.
94	Although the travel feels instantaneous, the ship arrives a decade later than expected.
95	Although the travel feels instantaneous, the ship arrives a century later than expected!



96	Although the travel feels instantaneous, the ship arrives a day earlier than it departed! Great Scott!
97	Although the travel feels instantaneous, the ship arrives a year earlier than it departed!
98	Space is torn and something comes through to look at the ship; generate a 7 Hit Dice Summoned creature as per Rules & Magic p134, as if the casting roll was failed. If a Magic-User is present, they may attempt a Domination roll.
99	The ship and all occupants are destroyed.
00	The ship has what feels like some sort of cough or spasm and goes nowhere.

Humans aren't built for interstellar travel so the Referee may want to ask characters to make saving throws against Magic; characters that fail suffer some sort of Space Madness for 1d8 hours:

SPAAAAACEEEEE MAAAAADNEEEEESSSS! (1D6)

1	Paranoid rampage!
2	Unconsciousness!
3	Sitting and rocking to and fro while muttering "Game over man! Game over!" and dribbling.
4	Claustrophobia!
5	Suicidal nihilism!
6	Overwhelming cheerfulness!

APPENDIX: I WANT TO LIVE LIKE CORNISH PEOPLE

Most of the inhabitants of St Michael's Bay are dead, torn to pieces or poisoned by alien biomatter, but it's possible that your players are going to run into some Cornish folk who haven't died in some horrible manner. If so, you can use the following chart to generate a name for the random Cornish person.

All the names are derived from parish records of the time. This is why there are so many Johns.

D20	SURNAME	FORENAME 1	FORENAME 2
1	Ascot	Anne	Andrew
2	Bawden	Blanche	Arthur
3	Bohenno	Dorothy	Charles
4	Boon	Edie	Edward
5	Coga	Elen	George
6	Denshire	Elizabeth	Henry
7	Godolphin	Francis	Humfry
8	Harry	Jane	James
9	Hawken	Joane	John
10	Jenkyn	Johanna	John
11	Parnall	Judith	John
12	Pascow	Katherine	John
13	Poppam	Lettie	John
14	Row	Margaret	Matthew
15	Slade	Martine	Nicholas
16	Smyth	Mary	Peter
17	Travannyon	Maudlyn	Raulf
18	Varkie	Patience	Richard
19	Vose	Priscilla	Thomas
20	Williams	Zenobia	Zachary

Cornwall has its own language; about 20% of Cornish people will speak the language and a Cornish speaker with an Unfriendly or Hostile reaction to an English character will only speak in Cornish, out of pure spite. Cornish is related to Breton and Welsh but is closer to the former; most Breton speakers can understand Cornish without a Language roll, and Welsh speakers get a +1 bonus to the roll.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

SUCH HEROIC NONSENSE!

Far away, in the constellation of Scorpius, a race of shape-changing aliens is engaged in a brutal civil war for control of their planet. The war has just reached Earth.

The good thing about wars is that there is always money to be made, if you're clever. And lucky.

More Than Meets the Eye is a short adventure for characters of any level, for use with *Lamentations of the Flame Princess Weird Fantasy Role-Playing* and other traditional role-playing games.

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